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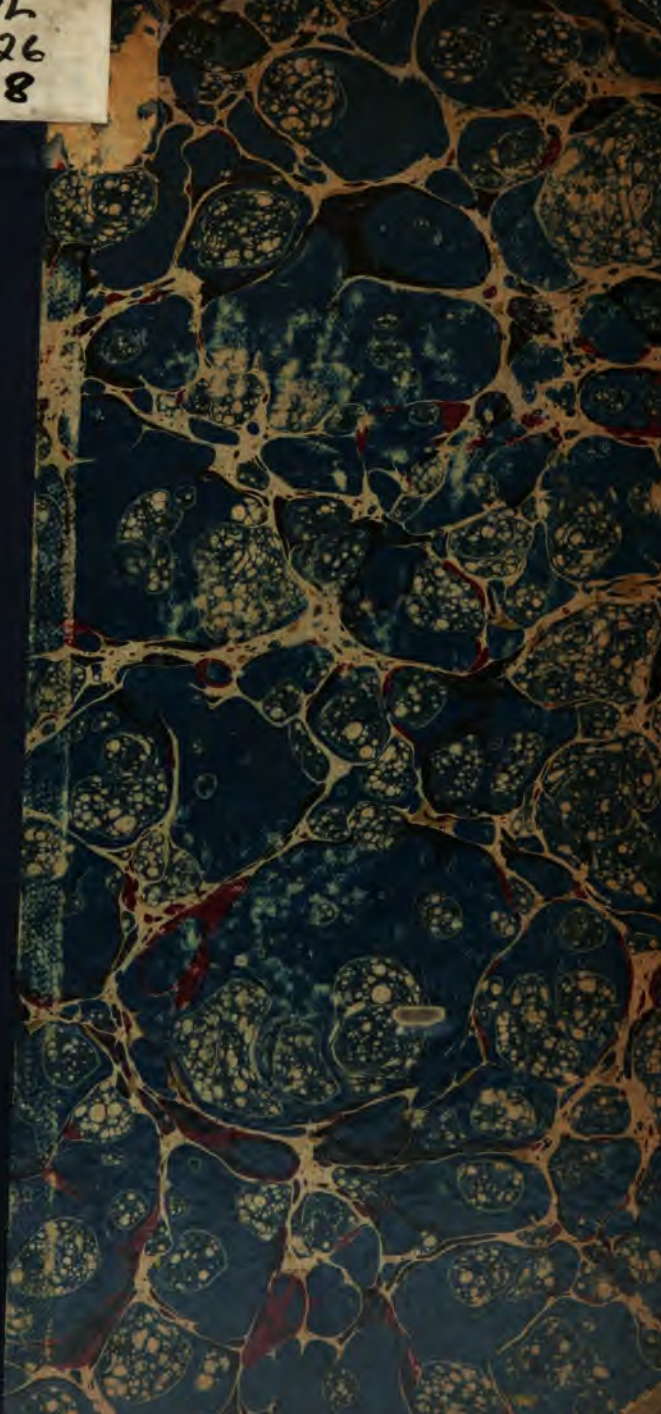
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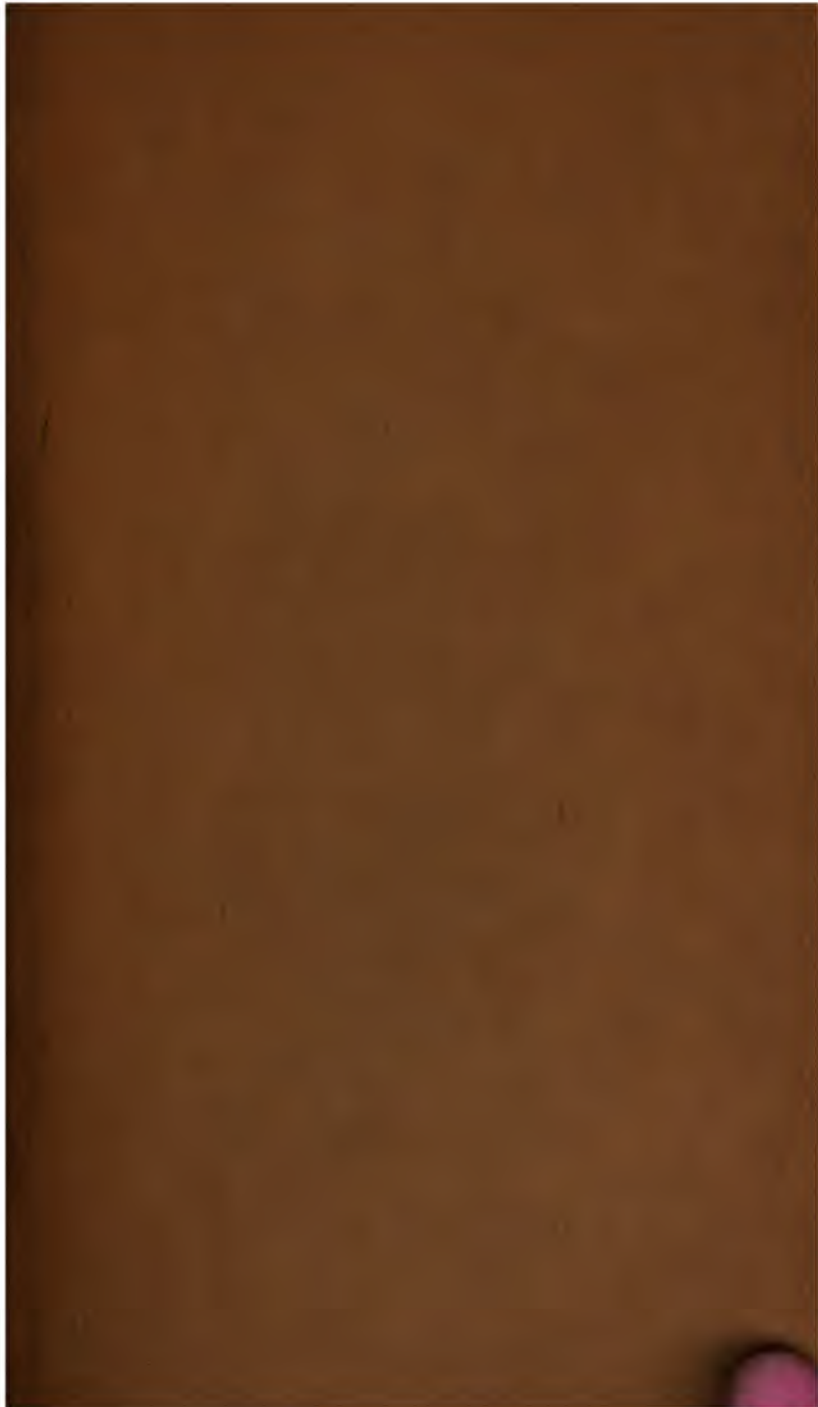


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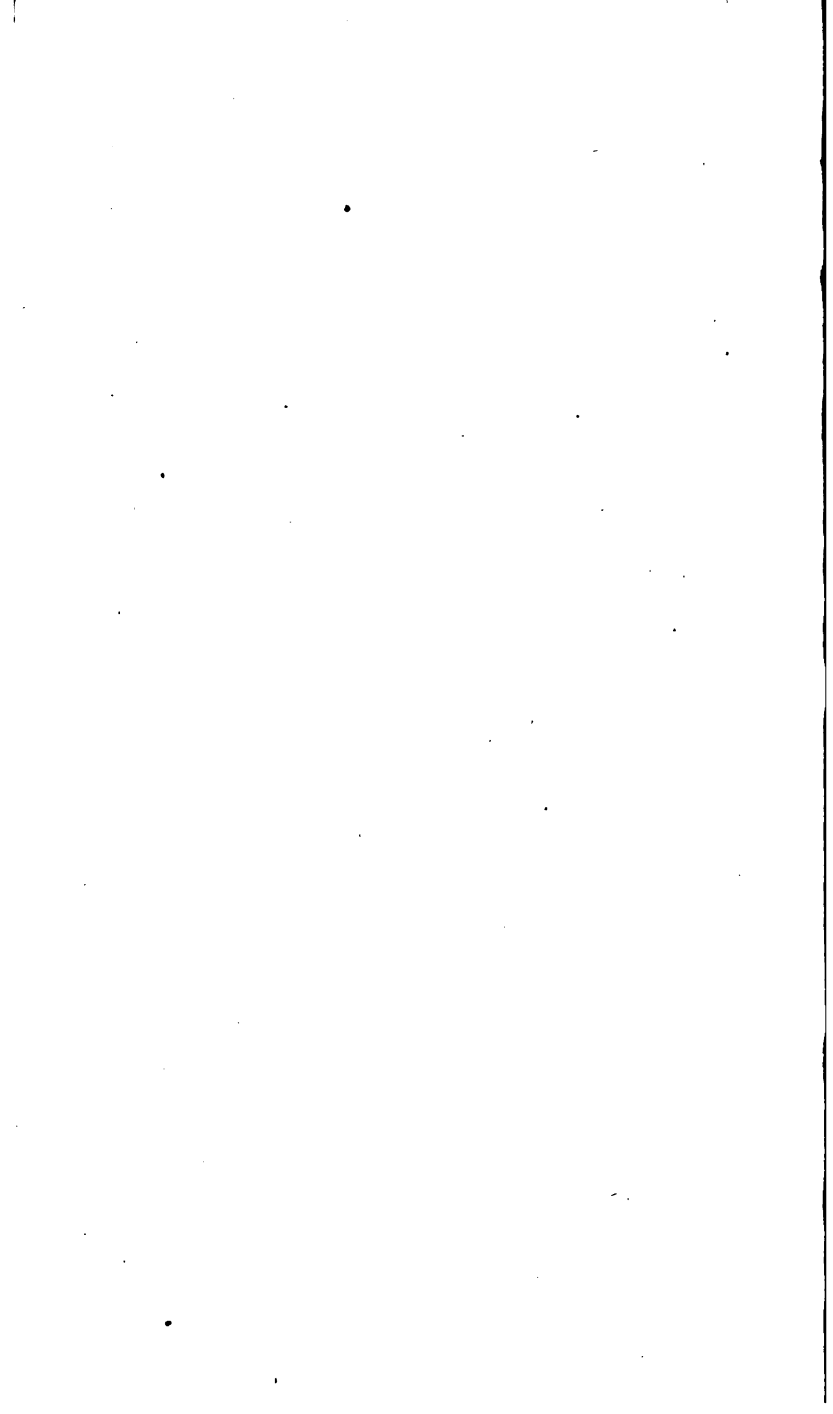
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BOOK OF POETRY
OF THE
Hutchinson Family;



CONTAINING
SIXTY-SEVEN OF THEIR MOST POPULAR SONGS.

BOSTON:
FRANKLIN PRINTING HOUSE.
Hawley street, cor. Franklin.
1858.



THE
HUTCHINSON FAMILY'S

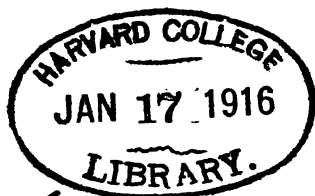
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Fine money

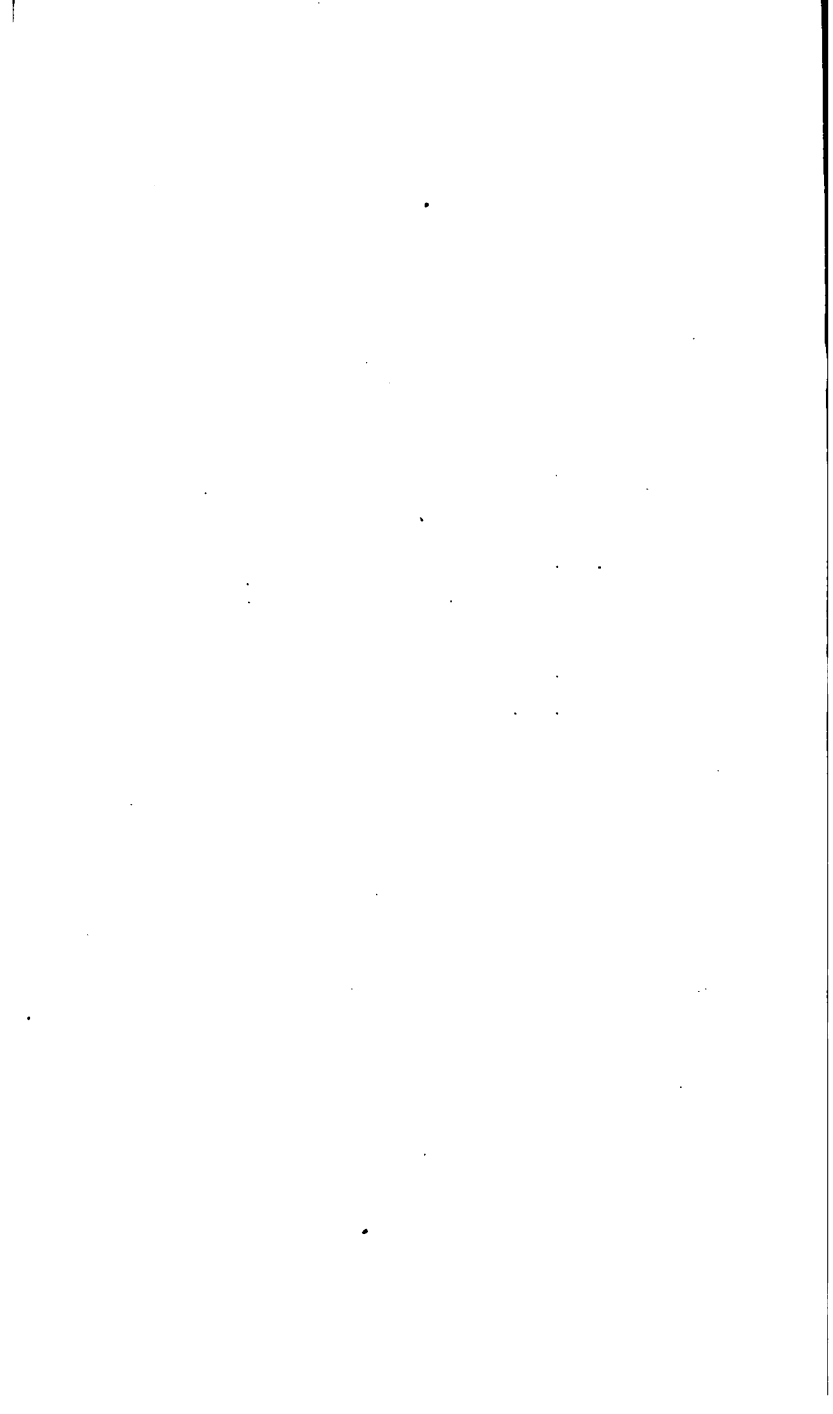
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Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by

ASA B. HUTCHINSON,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the
Southern District of New York.



SONGS OF THE HUTCHINSONS

We're with You Once Again.

SONG OF THE WANDERER.

(Published by Oliver Ditson, Washington st., Boston.)

We're with you once again, kind friends,
No more our footsteps roam ;
Where it began, our journey ends,
Amid the scenes of home.
No other clime has skies so blue,
Or streams so broad and clear ;
And where are hearts so warm and true
As those that meet us here !

Since last, with spirits wild and free,
We pressed our native strand,
We've wandered many miles at sea,
And many miles on land ;
We've seen all nations of the earth,
Of every hue and tongue,
Which taught us how to prize the worth
Of that from which we sprung.

Our native land, we turn to you,
With blessings and with prayer,
Where man is brave and woman true,
And free as mountain air ;
No other clime has skies so blue,
Or streams so broad and clear,
And where are hearts so warm and true
As those that meet us here !

Cold Water.

ORIGINAL.

All hail ! ye friends of temperance,
 Who're gathered here to night, sirs,
 To celebrate the praises of
 Cold water, pure and bright, sirs.
 We welcome you with joyful hearts
 Each generous son and daughter,
 For here's the place of all, to shout
 The praises of cold water.
 Oh ! cold water, pure cold water,
 Raise the shout, send it out,
 Shout for pure cold water.

Of all the blessed things below
 Of our Creator's giving,
 Assuaging almost every wo,
 And making life worth living,
 For old and young, for high and low,
 Yea every son and daughter,
 There's nothing as a beverage,
 Like sparkling pure cold water.
 Oh ! cold water, &c.

Oh ! if you would preserve your health
 And trouble never borrow,
 Just take the morning shower bath,
 'Twill drive away all sorrow.
 And then instead of drinking rum,
 As doth the poor besotter ;
 For health, long life, and happiness,
 Drink nothing but cold water.
 Oh ! cold water, &c.

Yes, water 'll cure most every ill,
 'Tis proved without assumption,
 Dyspepsia, gout, and fevers, too,
 And sometimes old consumption.
 Your head-aches, side-aches, and *heart-aches* too,
 Which often cause great slaughter ;
 Can all be cured by drinking oft
 And bathing in cold water.
 Oh ! cold water, &c.

Full eighteen hundred years or more—
 These truths have been before us,
 And yet have blind delusive clouds
 Seemed madly hovering o'er us.
 The lep'rous men of Judea,
 And lame who scarce could totter,
 Were cured of all their maladies
 In Jordan's healing water.
 Oh! cold water, &c.

But great reforms are going on
 'Mong every class and station,
 And better days are dawning on—
 The rising generation.
 Though Alcohol has had his day
 And great has been his slaughter
 He's now retreating in dismay,
 And victory crowns cold water.
 Oh! cold water, &c.

The Millennium.

ORIGINAL.

What do I see! ah! look, behold
 That glorious day by prophets told,
 Has dawn'd, and now is near;
 Methinks, I hear from yonder plain,
 With shouts of gladness loud proclaim,
 The Millennium is here.

See freedom's star that shines so bright,
 It sheds its rays of truth and light,
 O'er mountain, rock, and sea;
 And like the mighty march of mind,
 Has sought and blest all human kind,
 And set the bondman free.

No dungeons, chains, or gibbets, here;
 No groans of prisoners in despair,
 Are heard to mar the scene:
 But peace, as once on Bethl'hem's plain,
 By Angels sang, has come again,
 And earth is all serene.

SONGS OF THE HUTCHINSONS.

In that vast crowd, no high, no low,
 Distinction and complexions now
 Are passed and known no more.
 On one broad level see them stand,
 The millions who compose this band,
 With strains, most glorious, pour.

The voice of war is heard no more,
 The cannon with its deadly roar
 Is hushed in silence now ;
 All implements of death you see
 Are changed from war to husbandry,
 The " pruning hook " and plow.

Salvation to our God proclaim,
 This is the glorious, peaceful reign,
 The nations now shall know,
 The kingdoms of this world are given
 To Christ the Lord of earth and heaven,
 Predicted long ago.

The New England Farmer.

A life on my native soil,
 A home in a farmer's cot,
 I'll never at labor recoil,
 And ask for no happier lot.
 Oh, the city hath not a charm,
 With its turmoil, noise and strife,
 Give me a snug little farm
 With a kind and notable wife.
 A life on my native soil,
 Gee up, gee ho, &c.

On my native soil I stand,
 'Mid blossoming fields around,
 While the air is pleasant and bland,
 And the hills with cattle abound.
 Oh, the river is flowing by,
 And the boatman's singing we hear,
 And the laborers, how they ply,
 While echoes send around the good cheer
 A life on my native soil,
 Gee up, gee ho, &c.

SONGS OF THE HUTCHINSONS.

How pleasant it is to view
Whole valleys of waving grain,
And the husbandmen, jovial crew,
With sickles prostrating the plain.
Oh, the song of my heart shall be,
While the earth her sweet products shall yield
The life of a farmer for me—
A home in the forest and field!
A life on my native soil,
Gee up, gee ho, &c.

Bachelor's Lament.

Returning home at close of day,
Who gently chides my long delay,
And by my side delights to stay!
Nobody.

Who sets for me the easy chair,
Sets out the room with neatest care,
And lays my slippers ready there!
Nobody.

Who regulates the cheerful fire,
And piles the blazing fuel higher,
And bids me draw my chair still nigher?
Nobody.

When sickness racks my feeble frame,
And grief distracts my fevered brain,
Who sympathises with my pain?
Nobody.

Then I'm resolved so help me fate,
To change at last the single state,
And will to Hymen's altar take
Somebody.

Sweet Alice; or, Ben Bolt.

MUSIC ORIGINAL.

Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown:
Who blushed with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?

Ir. the old church-yard, of the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They've fitted a slab of the granite so grey,
And Alice lies under the stone.
In the old church yard, &c.

And don't you remember the cottage, Ben Bolt,
That stood by the shady old wood,
And the button ball tree with its leafy boughs,
That nigh to the doorstep stood !
The cottage to ruin hath gone, Ben Bolt,
And you look for the tree in vain ;
Where once the lord of the forest stood,
Grows the grass and the waving grain.
In the old church yard, &c

Ah ! don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
 With the master so cruel and grim,
 And the shady nook in the running brook,
 The place where the boys went to swim ?
 Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
 And the running brook is dry ;
 And of all the boys that were schoolmates then
 There's left only you and I.
In the old church yard, &c

The Mountaineer.

BY J. H. WARLAND.

(By permission of the proprietor of the copyright, Charles H Keith,
Boston.)

"Tis I am the Mountaineer,
My kingdom's the greenwood free,
My subjects the wild bird and deer,
My palace the spreading tree ;
I climb up the craggy mountain,
And inhale its balmy air,
I drink at the sparkling fountain,
And laugh at the world and its cares.
For I am the Mountaineer, ha ! ha !

My throne is the bleak rock riven,
Where the Eagle builds her nest;
'Mid the dark cloud tempest driven,
O'er the mountain's lordly crest.

Let the world jog on as it may,
 Oh, where's the home like mine,
 I can laugh at its cares till I'm gray,
 Under the oak and mountain pine.
 For 'tis I am the Mountaineer, ha! ha!

My sceptre's the rifle dearer
 Than fairest bride ever won,
 Pray what to the heart can be nearer
 Than the voice of the cracking gun.
 It sings along the echoing crags,
 With its music wild and free,
 And we laugh at the world, however it wags,
 My mountain home for me.
 For 'tis I am the Mountaineer, ha! ha!

I hear the anthem grand and deep,
 Which swells o'er my palace high,
 'Mid the thunder's roll and the tempest's sweep,
 As the bolts around me fly.
 I laugh at the storms whose ceaseless din,
 Gives the world without no rest,
 For my heart it is all peace within,
 My home on the mountain crest.
 For 'tis I am the Mountaineer.

Uncle Sam's Farm.

ORIGINAL.

(Published by G. P. Reed, Boston.)

Of all the mighty nations in the East or in the West,
 The glorious Yankee nation is the greatest and the best;
 We have room for all creation, and our banner is unfurled,
 With a general invitation to the people of the world.
 Then come along, come along, make no delay,
 Come from every nation, come from every way;
 Our lands they are broad enough, don't feel alarm,
 For Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm.

St. Lawrence is our Northern line, far's her waters flow,
 And the Rio Grande our Southern bound, way down in Mexico;
 While from the Atlantic ocean, where the sun begins to dawn,
 We'll cross the Rocky Mountains far away to Oregon.
 Then come along, &c.

While the South shall raise the cotton, and the West the corn and pork,
 New England manufactures shall do up the finer work ;
 For the deep and flowing water-falls that course along our hills,
 Are just the thing for washing sheep and driving cotton mills.

Then come along, &c.

Our fathers gave us liberty, but little did they dream
 The grand results to follow in this mighty age of steam ;
 Our mountains, lakes, and rivers, are now in a blaze of fire,
 While we send the news by lightning on the Telegraphic wire.

Then come along, &c.

While Europe's in commotion, and her monarchs in a fret
 We're teaching them a lesson which they never can forget ;
 And this they fast are learning, Uncle Sam is not a fool,
 For the people do their voting, and the children go to school.

Then come along, &c.

The brave in every nation are joining heart and hand,
 And flocking to America, the real promised land ;
 And Uncle Sam stands ready with a child upon each arm,
 To give them all a welcome to a lot upon his farm.

Then come along, &c.

A welcome, warm and hearty, do we give the sons of toil,
 To come to the West and settle and labor on Free Soil ;
 We've room enough and land enough, they needn't feel alarm—
 O ! come to the land of Freedom and vote yourself a farm.

Then come along, &c.

Yes ! we're bound to lead the nations, for our motto's "*Go Ahead*,"
 And we'll carry out the principles for which our father's bled ;
 No monopoly of Kings and Queens, but this is the Yankee plan,
 Free Trade to Emigration and Protection unto man.

Then come along, &c.

The Mountain Echo Song.

Words by E. H. Cugin, Music original.

The Mountains, the Mountains,
 A song to the Mountains,
 Where nature's dominion for ever prevails,
 Where the scream of the Eagle, in solitudes regal,
 Is borne like a clarion-blast on the gales.
 O the vale rose is sweet in its balm-laden air,
 But the mountain-wreathed laurel is blooming as fair
 And its delicate hue, in the crystaline dew,
 Redeemingly softens the loneliness there.

The Mountains, the Mountains,
 The storm-braving mountains,
 They rise from the Hudson's magnificent tide,
 Far up in the azure-like visions of pleasure,
 To bask in the day-beam, the tempest to bide.
 Encircling the vale of Wyoming they seem,
 Like ramparts of emerald adorning a dream ;
 Receding in mist the horizon is kissed,
 'Till mantled and mingled they fade in its gleam.

The Mountains, the Mountains,
 A sigh for the mountains,
 Alone I have roamed through the wilds in the morn'g,
 When my spirit was light as the vapor whose flight,
 Reveiled all their summits in splendor new born.
 And now, when the spectres of bliss are no more,
 And the last of my dreamings perchance may be o'er,
 I sigh for the mountains where gush the bright fountains,
 And where like a child I might gaze and adore.

The Little Canoe; or, Burman Lover.

O, come with me in my little canoe,
 Where the sea is calm and the sky is blue ;
 O, come with me, for I long to go,
 To those isles where the mango apples grow :
 O, come with me and be my love,
 For thee the jungle depths I'll rove ;
 I'll gather the honey-comb bright as gold,
 And chase the elk to his secret hold.
 I'll chase the antelope o'er the plain,
 The Tiger's cub I'll bind with a chain,
 And the wild gazelle, with its silvery feet,
 I'll give thee for a playmate sweet.

I'll climb the palm for the Bias' nest,
 Red peas I'll gather to deck thy breast ;
 I'll pierce the cocoa's cup for its wine,
 And pass't to thee if thou'lt be mine.
 Then come with me in my little canoe,
 While the sea is calm and the sky is blue,
 For should we linger another day
 Storms may rise and love decay.
 I'll chase the antelope, &c.

Zekel and Hulda.

BY HOSKA BIGELOW.

'Zekel crept up quite unbeknown,
And peeked in through the winder,
And there sat Hulda, all alone,
With no one nigh to hinder.

Upon the chimbley crook-necks hung,
And in amongst them roasted,
The old Queen's arm that grand'ther Young
Brought back from Concord *busted*.

The walnut wood shot sparkles out,
Towards the putyeat, (bless her,)
And little fires danced all about
The china on the dresser.

The very room, cause she was in,
Looked warm from floor to ceilin',
And she looked full as rosy agin,
As the apples she was pealin'.

She heard a foot, and knowed it too,
A raspin' on the scraper,
All ways to once her feelings flew,
Like sparks on burnt up paper.

He kinder loitered on the mat,
Some doubtful of the signal,
His heart kept going pity-pat,
But her's went pity-Zekel.

The Good Old Days of Yore.

A SONG OF HOME.

Original. Published by G. P. Reed, Boston.

How my heart is in me burning,
And my very soul is yearning,
As my thoughts go backward, turning
To the good old days of yore
When my father, and my mother,
And each sister dear, and brother,
Sat and chatted with each other
Round that good old cottage door.

Voice and spirit loved to cheer it,
And the very birds to hear it,
Flew around the door, and near it—
Near that good old cottage door ;
And each sister dear, and brother
Nestled closed to each other,
As our father and our mother
Sang their good old songs of yore.

Then were words of kindness spoken,
And each heart renewed the token,
Pledging vows not to be broken,
Broken never, never more.
And though now asunder driven,
With the ties of childhood riven,
Still we cherish pledges given
Round that good old cottage door.

Then no treason drowned our reason ;
But each annual summer season
Sang we all our happy glees on,
And around our cottage door.
Blessed thoughts would then come o'er us,
And each heart and voice in chorus,
Sang of those who'd gone before us
In the good old days of yore.

Though our days on earth are fleeting,
And all temporal joys retreating,
Yet we hope for another meeting—
Better far than days of yore—
When through heavenly courts ascending,
And with angel voices blending,
We shall sing on, without ending,
At our Heavenly Father's door,—
Sing the New Song forever more.

What I Live for.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the Heaven that smiles above me,
And waits my spirit too;
For the human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
And the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hail that season
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall rule by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When, man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine;
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfil each grand design.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And waits my spirit too;
For the *cause* that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the bright hopes in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

The War Work.

Once on a time, some years ago,
 Two Yankees from this State,
 Were travelling on foot, of course,
 A style now out of date ;—
 And being far away down South,
 It wasn't strange or funny,
 That they, like other folks, sometimes
 Should be in want of money.

So coming to a thriving place,
 They hired a lofty hall,
 And on the corners of the streets
 Put handbills, great and small,—
 Telling the people far and near,
 In printed black and white,
 They'd give a show of wax work
 In the great town hall that night.

Of course the people thought to see
 A mighty show of figures ;—
 Of Napoleon, Byron, George the Third,
 And lots of foreign gentlemen ;
 Of Mary, Queen of Scots, you know,
 And monks in black and white,
 And heroes, peasants, potentates,
 In wax work brought to light.

One of our Yankees had, they say,
 No palate to his mouth,
 And this perhaps the reason was
 Why he was going South ;
 But be that as it may, you see,
 He couldn't speak quite plain,
 But talked—youn* yin ees yote—just so,
 And sometimes talked in vain.

The other was a handsome man,
 Quite pleasant and quite fine,
 And had a form of finest mould,
 And straight as any line.
 Indeed he was a handsome man,
 As you will often see,—
 Much more so, sir, than you or you,
 Like Governor Briggs or me.

* Down in his throat.

This handsome man stood at the door,
 To let the people in,
 And the way he took the quarters
 And the shillings was a sin;
 And when the hour of show had come,
 He a curtain pulled aside,
 And our friend without a palate
 Stood in all his pomp and pride.

And in his brawny hand he held
 A pound or two or more,
 Of good *shoemakers' wax*, which he
 Had made sometime before;
 He then began to *work* it!
 And his audience thus addressed;—
 And while they looked and listened;
 Let their great surprise be guessed.

Said he, "my friends, how some folks cheat
 I never could conceive,
 But this is the *real wax work*,
 For I stoop not to deceive;
 This is the *real wax work*,
 For your quarters and your twelves;
 Ladies and gentlemen, please walk up
 And examine for yourselves."

But when the people saw the joke,
 With anger they turned pale,—
 Hammer and tongs, they came at him
 To ride him on a rail;
 But he had an open window
 And a ladder to the ground,
 And just as he went out of sight,
 He turned himself around—

And holding up the wax to view,
 Said with a saucy grin,—
 "My friends there's no deception,
 For I scorn to take you in;
 This is the *REAL WAX-WORK*,
 For your quarters and your twelves;
 Ladies and gentlemen, please walk up
 And examine for yourselves."

"Coming Right Along;" or Right Over Wrong.

ORIGINAL

**Behold the Day of Promise comes,—full of inspiration—
The blessed day by prophets sung,—for the healing of the nations.
Old midnight errors flee away : they soon will all be gone ;
While Heavenly angels seem to say, “the good time” ’s coming on,
 Coming right along,
 Coming right along,
The blessed day of promise is coming right along.**

Already in the golden east the glorious light is dawning,
And watchmen from the mountain-tops, can see the blessed morning.
O'er all the land their voices ring, while yet the world is napping.—
"Till e'en the sluggards begin to spring, as they hear the spirits "rap-
ping"—

O! I hear the angel voices—"We're coming right along."

The captive now begins to rise and burst his chains asunder,
While Politicians stand aghast, in anxious fear and wonder.
No longer shall the bondman sigh beneath the galling fetters,—
He sees the Dawn of Freedom nigh, and reads the golden letters,—
“Coming right along.”

Behold the Day of Freedom is coming right along!

And all the old Distilleries shall perish and burn together,—
The Brandy, Rum, and Gin, and Beer, and all such, whatsoever.
The world begins to feel the fire, and e'en the poor besotter,
To save himself from burning up, jumps into the cooling water.
Coming right along.
'Tis coming right along.

Still higher up the morning beams are spreading in their beauty,
And men, of every grade, begin to see more clear their duty.
They've suffered long in ignorance,—the night was thick and hazy
But now the cause is understood what made the world so crazy,—
Coming right along, &c.

Whence come the wars and fightings dire, among the various nations,
But the warring elements in ourselves, false habits and relations.
Reforms must all begin at home, reformers can't deny it;
And men must cease from gnawing bones, and take to a simple diet
Coming right along.

Sweet dawn of Peace, that day will prove, to all the sons of labor;
 For every man will have enough, and gladly lend his neighbor.
 The Earth shall yield abundantly; nor shall men want for money;
 But all shall bask in golden fields flowing with milk and honey.
 O! 'tis coming right along.

Where shall the Soul find Rest.

Tell me, ye winged winds,
 That round my pathway roar,
 Do ye not know some spot
 Where mortals weep no more!
 Some lone and pleasant dell,
 Some valley in the West,
 Where free from toil and pain,
 The weary soul may rest?
 The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
 And sighed for pity as it answered—"No!"

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
 Whose billows round me play,
 Know'st thou some favored spot,
 Some Island far away,
 Where weary man may find
 The bliss for which he sighs,
 Where sorrow never lives,
 And Friendship never dies?
 The loud waves rolling in perpetual flow,
 Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer—"No!"

And thou serenest moon,
 That with such holy face
 Dost look upon the earth,
 Asleep in night's embrace,
 Tell me, in all thy round
 Hast thou not seen some spot,
 Where miserable man,
 Might find a happier lot?
 Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in wo,
 And a voice sweet, but sad, responded—"No!"

Tell me, my secret soul,
 Oh! tell me, Hope and Faith,
 Is there no resting-place,
 From sorrow, sin and death;

Is there no happy spot,
 Where mortals may be blest,
 Where grief may find a balm,
 And weariness a rest !
 Faith, Hope, and Love—best boons to mortal given—
 Waved their bright wings, and whispered—" *Yes ! in
 Heaven !*"

Man the Life Boat; or, Storm at Sea.

Man the life boat, help, or yon ship is lost—
 Man the life boat—see how she's tempest-tossed,
 No human power, in such an hour,
 This gallant bark can save;
 Her mainmast's gone, and dashing on
 She seeks her watery grave.
 Man the life boat. See the dreaded signal fire—
 Ah ! ha ! she's struck, and from the rock
 Despairing shouts arise.
 And one there stands and rings his hands,
 Amidst the tempest wild ;
 For on the beach he cannot reach,
 He sees his wife and child.

Life-saving ark, yon doomed bark
 Immortal souls doth bear ;
 Not gems, nor gold, nor wealth untold,
 But *men, brave men*, are there.
 Speed the life boat ! Speed the life boat !
 O, God ! their efforts crown—
 She dashes on : *the ship* is gone
 Full forty fathoms down.

Welcome to Jenny Lind.

ORIGINAL.

From the snow-clad hills of Sweden,
 Like a bird of love from Eden,
 Lo ! she comes with songs of freedom—
 Jenny comes from o'er the sea.
 Though afar from home endearing,
 Yet her heart no danger fearing,
 For she hears a nation cheering—
 " Jenny, welcome to the free !"

Heart to heart, with true devotion,
 Kindled with the same emotion,
 As the tidings cross'd the ocean—
 "Jenny's coming o'er the sea!"
 Soon the ship was near before us;
 O, what gladsome thoughts came o'er us,
 While ten thousand sang in chorus—
 "Jenny, welcome to the free!"

While the great and honored hear you,
 Let the poor oppressed be near you,
 Then will every heart revere you—
 Jenny, sing for liberty.
 Thou, indeed, art not a stranger
 To the palace or the manger;
 Welcome, friend, and fear no danger,
 "Jenny, welcome to the free."

Ho! for California!

ORIGINAL.

A song composed for a band of overland emigrants, who left Massachusetts, in the spring of 1849.

We've formed our band, and are well man'd
 To journey afar to the promised land,
 Where the golden ore is rich in store,
 On the banks of the Sacramento shore.

Then, ho! Brothers ho!
 To California go.

There's plenty of gold in the world we're told,
 On the banks of the Sacramento.
 Heigh O, and away we go,
 Digging up the gold in Francisco.

O! don't you cry, nor heave a sigh,
 For we'll all come back again, bye-and-bye,
 Don't breathe a fear, nor shed a tear,
 But patiently wait for about two year.
 Then, ho! &c.

As the gold is *thar*, most any *whar*,
 And they dig it out with an iron bar,
 And where 'tis thick, with a spade or pick,
 They can take out lumps as *heavy as brick*.
 Then, ho! &c.

As we explore that distant shore,—
 We'll fill our pockets with the shining ore;
 And how 'twill sound, as the word goes round,
 Of our picking up gold by the *dozen pound*.
 Then, ho! &c.

O! the land we'll save, for the bold and brave—
 Have determined there never shall breathe a slave
 Let foes recoil, for the sons of toil
 Shall make California God's FREE SOIL.
 Then, ho! Brothers, ho! to California go,
 No slave shall toil on God's Free Soil,
 On the banks of the Sacramento.
 Heigh O, and away we go,
 Chanting our songs of Freedom, O.

If I were a Voice.

If I were a voice, a persuasive voice,
 That could travel the wide world through,
 I would fly on the beams of the morning light,
 And speak to men with a gentle might,
 And tell them to be true.
 I would fly—I would fly o'er land and sea,
 Wherever a human heart might be,
 Telling a tale, or singing a song,
 In praise of the right, in blame of the wrong.
 If I were a voice, &c.

If I were a voice, a convincing voice,
 I'd fly on the wings of air;
 The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek,
 And calm and truthful words I'd speak,
 To save them from despair.
 I would fly, I would fly o'er the crowded town,
 And drop, like the beautiful sunlight, down
 Into the hearts of suffering men,
 And teach them to look up again.
 If I were a voice, &c.

If I were a voice, a consoling voice,
 I'd travel with the wind,
 And whenever I saw the nations torn
 By warfare, jealousy, spite, or scorn,
 Or hatred of their kind,

I would fly, I would fly on the thunder crash,
 And into their blinded bosoms flash
 That ray of hope that cheers the mind,
 And leaves all trace of grief behind.
 If I were a voice, &c.

Get off the Track.

ORIGINAL.

Words composed and adapted to a slave melody, advocating the emancipation of the slaves, and illustrating the onward progress of the anti-slavery cause in the United States.

(Published by Henry Prentiss, Boston.)

Ho ! the car emancipation,
 Rides majestic through our nation,
 Bearing on its train the story,
 LIBERTY ! a nation's glory.
 Roll it along ! roll it along !
 Roll it along ! through the nation,
 Freedom's car, Emancipation.

Men of various predilections,
 Frightened, run in all directions,
 Merchants, Editors, Physicians,
 Lawyers, Priests, and politicians,
 Get out of the way ! every station,
 Clear the track, Emancipation.

Let the ministers and churches
 Leave behind sectarian lurches,
 Jump on board the car of freedom,
 Ere it be too late to need them.
 Sound the alarm ! pulpits thunder,
 Ere to late you see your blunder.

All true friends of emancipation,
 Haste to freedom's railway station,
 Quick into the cars get seated ;
 All is ready and completed.
 " Put on the steam !" all are crying
 While the liberty flags are flying.

Hear the mighty car-wheels humming ;
 Now, look out ! the engine's coming !
 Church-and-statesmen, hear the thunder,
 Clear the track, or you'll fall under.

Get off the track ! all are singing
 While the "*Liberty Bell*" is ringing.

On, triumphant, see them bearing,
 Through sectarian rubbish tearing ;
 The bell, and whistle, and the steaming,
 Startle thousands from their dreaming.

Look out for the cars ! while the bell rings,
 Ere the sound your funeral knell rings.

See the people run to meet us !
 At the stations thousands greet us ;
 All take seats with exultation,
 In the car, Emancipation.

Huzza ! huzza ! Emancipation,
 Soon will bless our happy nation.

My Mother's Bible.

BY CONSENT OF THE AUTHOR, G. F. MORRIS, ESQ.

This book is all that's left me now,
 Tears will unbidden start ;
 With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
 I press it to my heart.

For many generations past,
 Here is our family tree ;
 My mother's hands this bible clasp'd,
 She dying gave it me.

My father read this holy book,
 To brothers, sisters, dear ;
 How calm was my poor mother's look,
 Who learned God's word to hear.

Her angel face, I see it yet,
 What vivid memories come ;
 Again that little group is met,
 Within the halls of home.

Ah, well do I remember those,
 Whose names these records bear ;
 Who round the hearthstone used to close,
 After the evening prayer.

And speak of what those pages said,
 In tones my heart would thrill ;
 Though they are with the silent dead,
 Here are they living still.

Thou truest friend man ever ever knew,
 Thy constancy I've tried ,
 When all were false I found thee true,
 My counsellor and guide.

The mines of earth no treasure give,
 That could this volume buy :
 In teaching me the way to live,
 It taught me how to die.

Horticultural Wife.

WRITTEN BY A CELEBRATED ENGLISH GARDENER, AFTER DISAPPOINT-
 MENT IN LOVE.

She's my myrtle, my geranium,
 My sunflower, my sweet marjorum ;
 My honeysuckle, my tulip, my violet ;
 My hollyhock, my dahlia, my mignonet.
 Ho, ho ! she's a fickle wild rose,
 A damask, a cabbage, a China rose.

She's my snowdrop, my ranunculus,
 My hyacinth, my gilliflower, my polyanthus ;
 My hearts-ease, my pink, my water-lily ;
 My buttercup my daisie, my daffydowndilly
 Ho, ho ! &c.

We have grown up together, like young apple trees,
 And clung to each other like double sweet peas ;
 Now they're going to trim her, and plant her in a pot,
 And I am left to wither, neglected and forgot.
 Ho, ho ! &c.

I am like a scarlet-runner that has lost its stick ;
 Or a cherry that is left for the dicky birds to pick.
 Like a watering-pot I weep ; like a pavior I'll sigh :
 Like a mushroom I'll wither ; like a cucumber I'll die.
 Ho, ho ! &c.

I am like a bumble-bee, that don't know where to settle,
 And she is a dandelion, and a stinging nettle :
 My heart's like a beet root, choked with chickweed ;
 My head is like a pumpkin running off to seed.
 Ho, ho ! &c.

I'm a great mind to make myself a felodese,
 And finish all my woes on the branch of a tree.
 I'd do it in a minute, if I thought 'twould make her cry ;
 But, oh ! she'd laugh to see me hanging up to dry !
 Ho, ho ! who would suppose
 I'd suffer so much from that fickle wild rose.

Bingen on the Rhine.

(MUSIC ORIGINAL—WORDS BY HON. MRS. NORTON.)

A soldier of the legion lay dying in Algiers ;
 There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears
 But a comrade stood before him, while his life-blood ebb'd away,
 And bent with pitying glances to hear what he might say.
 The dying soldier faltered, as he took his comrade's hand,
 And he said, " I never more shall see my own, my native land :
 Take a message and a token to some distant friend of mine—
 For I was born at Bingen, dear Bingen on the Rhine.

Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around,
 To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
 That we fought the battle bravely, and, when the day was done,
 Full many a corse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun ;
 And 'midst the dead and dying were some grown old in wars—
 The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars—
 But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline,
 And one had come from Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine.

Tell my mother, that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
 And I was but a truant bird, that thought my home a cage ;
 But my father was a soldier, and, even as a child,
 My heart leaped forth, to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild
 And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
 I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's sword ;
 And, with boyish love, I hung it where the bright fire used to shine,
 On the cottage wall, at Bingen, sweet Bingen on the Rhine.

Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
 When the troops are marching home again, with light and gallant tread,
 But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
 For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die!
 Tell her to hang the old sword in its place, my father's sword and mine,
 For the honor of old Bingen, dear Bingen on the Rhine.

There's another—not a sister—in the happy days gone by,
 You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
 Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle scorning,
 Oh, friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometime heaviest
 mourning.

Tell her, the last night of my life, that ere this moon be risen,
 My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison—
 I dream'd I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine,
 But we'll meet no more at Bingen, dear Bingen on the Rhine.

The Old Farmer's Elegy.

WORDS BY JOSIAH D. CANNING.

On a green grassy knoll, by the banks of the brook,
 That so long and so often has watered his flock,
 The old farmer rests in his long and last sleep,
 While the waters a low lapping lullaby keep.
 He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain,
 No morn shall awake him to labor again.

Yon tree that with fragrance is filling the air,
 So rich with its blossoms, so thrifty and fair,
 By his own hand was planted, and well did he say,
 It would live when its planter had mouldered away.
 He has ploughed his last furrow, &c.

There's the well that he dug, with its waters so cold,
 With its wet dripping bucket, so mossy and old,
 No more from its depths by the patriarch drawn,
 For "the pitcher is broken,"—the old man is gone.
 He has ploughed his last furrow, &c.

'Twas a gloom-giving day when the old farmer died,
 The stout-hearted mourned—th' affectionate cried;
 And the prayers of the just for his rest did ascend,
 For they all lost a brother, a man and a friend.
 He has ploughed his last furrow, &c.

For upright and honest the old farmer was,
 His God he revered—he respected the laws;
 Though fameless he lived, he has gone where his worth
 Will outshine like pure gold all the dross of this earth.
 He has ploughed his last furrow, &c.

The Good Old Plow.

Music original—Published by George P. Reid, Boston.

Let them sing who may of the battle fray,
 And the deeds that are long since past,
 Let them chant in praise of the Tar, whose days
 Are spent on the ocean vast.
 I would render to these all the worship you please,
 I would honor them even now,
 But I'd give far more, from my heart's full core,
To the cause of the good old plow.

Let them laud the notes that in music floats
 Through the bright and the glittering hall,
 While the amorous twirl of the hair's bright curl
 Round the shoulders of beauty fall:
 Yet dearer to me is the song from the tree,
 And the rich and the blossoming bough.
 O these are the sweets which the rustic greets,
As he follows the good old plow.

Full many there be whom we daily see,
 With a selfish and hollow pride,
 Whom the *plowman's* lot in his simple cot,
 With a scornful look deride.
 Yet I'd rather take aye a hearty shake
 From his hand than to wealth I'd bow;
 For the honest grasp of that hand's rough clasp
Has stood by the good old plow.

All honor be then to those grey old men,
 When at last they are bowed with toil,
 Their warfare then o'er, why they battle no more,
 For they've conquered the stubborn soil:
 And the chaplet each wears are his silvery hairs,
 And ne'er shall the victor's crown,
 With a laurel crown to the grave go down
Like the sons of the good old plow.

Recollections of Home.

MUSIC COMPOSED AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MISS ELLEN ROGERS.

(*Published by Oliver Ditson, Boston.*)

Ah, why from our own native home did we part ?
With its mountains and valleys so dear to each heart ;
Ah, why did we leave the enjoyments of home,
O'er the wide waste of waters strangers to roam.

For oft have we roamed in a far distant clime,
And have been in the land of the orange and lime,
And our footsteps are printed on many a shore,
Where the sea loudly breaks with a deep sullen roar.

New England ! thou land of the brave and the free,
Our country and home, we are looking to thee,
And we've long'd for the day when again we shall stand
On thy rude sandy soil, but our own native land.

There's a Good Time Coming.

*Words by Mackay. Music by Hutchinson. Published by O. Ditson,
of Boston.*

There's a good time coming boys,
 A good time coming ;
There's a good time coming boys,
 Wait a little longer.
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray,
 Of the good time coming ;
Cannon balls may aid the truth,
 But thought's a weapon stronger ;
We'll win our battle by its aid,
 Wait a little longer.
 Oh, there's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming boys,
 A good time coming ;
The pen shall supersede the sword,
And right, not might shall be the lord,
 In the good time coming.

Worth not birth shall rule mankind,
 And be acknowledged stronger,
 The proper impulse has been given,
 Wait a little longer.
 Oh, there's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming boys,
 A good time coming;
 Hateful rivalries of creed,
 Shall not make their martyrs bleed,
 In the good time coming.
 Religion shall be shorn of pride,
 And flourish all the stronger;
 And Charity shall trim her lamp,
 Wait a little longer.
 Oh, there's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming boys,
 A good time coming;
 War in all men's eyes shall be
 A monster of iniquity,
 In the good time coming.
 Nations shall not quarrel then,
 To prove which is the stronger;
 Nor slaughter men for glory's sake,
 Wait a little longer.
 Oh, there's a good time, &c.

Home of my Boyhood.

O, home of my boyhood, my own country home,
 I love it the better wherever I roam—
 The lure of proud cities, the wealth of the main,
 Hath never a charm like my own native plain,
 There waved the old elms, on the cottage lined street,
 There warbled the birds from their woodland retreat;
 The roar of the river, the forest crowned hills;
 The star-light that glistened, they dwell with me still.
 O, home of my boyhood, &c.

I've wandered for years through the cold-hearted world,
 I've rode every sea where a sail is unfurled;
 I've met with the great and the noble of earth,
 But never forgotten the home of my birth.

The laugh of my sister, my brother's high glee,
 Are echoing round me wherever I be ;
 The thousand bright glances from young maidens' eyes,
 Are stars in my heaven when grief-clouds arise.
 O, home of my boyhood, &c.

The voice of my father, with deep manly tone,
 There's music about it no other hath known ;
 The smile of my mother, that love-lighted brow :
 O, mother, dear mother, they dwell with me now.
 I love them, I love them, the days of the past,
 And nothing shall bribe me from keeping them fast.
 O, home of my boyhood, my own country home,
 I love it the better wherever I roam.
 O, home of my boyhood, &c.

The Indian's Lament.

Glide on, my light canoe, glide on,
 The morning breeze is free ;
 I'll guide thee far, far out upon
 The wide and troubled sea.
 Howl on ye blasts, with all your might,
 Hide, hide thyself thou orb of light,
 Roll on, ye mountain billows, roll,
 The wonders of the deep unfold.

Glide on, and bear me from the sight
 Of yonder shady vale ;
 For oh, there is a withering blight
 Spread o'er my native isle.
 The whites have driven us from our home,
 And the waves we're forced to roam ;
 There's none to pity, none to save
 The red man from the ocean grave.

Our evening dance is seen no more,
 Its sound has ceased to flow ;
 And each one sings a mournful dirge,
 In accents sad and slow,
 The whites have swept our friends away,
 Beneath the turf our fathers lay ;
 We soon must join them in death's sleep,
 And leave our homes to mourn and weep.

Shall I, the bravest of the chiefs,
 On this isle make my bed;
 No! no! the white's polluted feet,
 Shall ne'er tread o'er my head.
 I've buried my hatchet 'neath the turf,
 But I will rest beneath the surf,
 The foaming billows shall be my grave,
 For I'll not die the white man's slave.

The Old Church Bell.

For full five hundred years I've swung
 In my old grey turret high,
 And many a different theme I've sung,
 As the time went stealing by!
 I've pealed the chant of a wedding morn,
 Ere night I have sadly toll'd,
 To say that the bride was coming, love-lorn,
 To sleep in the churchyard mould!
 Ding, dong, my ceaseless song,
 Merry and sad, but never long.

For full five hundred years I've swung
 In my ancient turret high,
 And many a different theme I've sung,
 As the time went stealing by.
 I've swell'd the joy of a country's pride,
 For a victory, far off won;
 Then changed to grief, for the brave that died,
 Ere my mirth had well begun!
 Ding, dong, &c. &c.

For full five hundred years I've swung
 In my crumbling turret high;
 'Tis time my own death-song were sung,
 And with truth, before I die!
 I never could love the theme they gave
 My tyrannized tongue to tell:
 One moment for cradle, the next for grave—
 They've worn out the old church bell.
 Ding, dong, my changeful song,
 Farewell now, and farewell long.

The Slave's Appeal.

WORDS ORIGINAL.

Over the mountain, and over the moor,
 Comes the sad wailing of many a poor slave ;
 The father, the mother, and children are poor,
 And they grieve for the day their freedom to have.
 Pity, kind gentlemen, friends of humanity,
 Cold is the world to the cries of God's poor,
 Give us our freedom, ye friends of equality,
 Give us our rights, for we ask nothing more.

Call us not indolent, vile and degraded,
 White men have robbed us of all we hold dear ;
 Parents and children, the young and the aged,
 Are scourged by the lash of the rough overseer.
 Pity, kind gentlemen, &c.

And God in his mercy shall crown your endeavors,
 The glory of heaven shall be your reward ;
 The promise of Jesus to you shall be given,
 " Enter, ye faithful, the joy of our Lord."
 Then pity, kind gentlemen, &c

Few Ideas in a few Days.

We pitch our tents on the old camp ground,
 Few days, few days,
 And give old Slavery another round ;

On, freemen, on !
 Old Slavery's a liar and conjurer too,
 Few days, few days,
 He'll conjure me, and he'll conjure you ;

On, freemen, on !
 We have a foe down yonder,
 Few days, few days,
 We have a foe down yonder ;

On, freemen, on !
 We've fought the old monster about twelve years,
 Twelve years, twelve years,
 And we'll give him Jessie when we catch him by the ears ;
 On, freemen, on !

Old Toombs' coming north to have a drill,
In a few days, few days,
And muster his slaves on Bunker Hill
Hark from the toombs, a doleful sound ;
He'll have to come in a very few years,
Few years, few years !
Or forty thousand bayonets will bristle round his ears ;
Hurrah for liberty !
We'll have a north up yonder ;
On, freemen, on !
Onward, onward ! your country to save ;
Onward, onward, onward, ye brave !

The Bridge of Sighs.

"Drowned, drowned."—*Hamlet*.

WORDS BY THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.

One more unfortunate
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death.
Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair.

Look at her garments,
Clinging like cerements,
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully,
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Loop up her tresses,
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses,
While wonderment guesses
Where was her home!

Who was her father!
Who was her mother!
Had she a sister!
Or had she a brother!
Or was there a dearer one

Still, and a nearer one
Yet than all other!

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun;
Oh! it was pitiful,
Near a whole city full,
Home *she had none*.

The bleak winds of March
Made her tremble and shiver
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurled,
Any where, any where,
Out of the world.

In she plunged boldly
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran!
Over the brink of it,
Picture it, think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can.

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care,
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair.
Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior;
And leaving, with meekness
Her sins to her Savior.

Springfield Mountains.

(As sung in the old fashioned Continental style.)

On Springfield mountains there did dwell
A comely youth, I lov'd full well
Ri tu di na, &c.

One Monday mornin' he did go,
Down in the mead-er for to mow.
Ri tu di na, &c.

He scarce had mowed half the field,
When a *peaky* *sarpint* bit his heel.
Ri tu di na, &c.

He took his scythe, and with a blow,
He laid the *peaky* *sarpint* low.
Ri tu di na, &c.

He took the *sarpint* in his hand,
And straightway went to MOLLY BLAND.
Ri tu di na, &c.

"O! Molly! Molly! here you see,
The *peaky* *sarpint* what bit me."
Ri tu di na, &c.

The Sword of Bunker Hill.

He lay upon his dying bed,
His eye was growing dim,
When, with a feeble voice, he called
His weeping son to him.
"Weep not, my boy," the veteran said;
"I bow to Heaven's high will;
But quickly from yon antlers bring
The sword of Bunker Hill."

The sword was brought; the soldier's eye
Lit with a sudden flame;
And, as he grasped the ancient blade,
He murmured Warren's name;

Then said, "My boy, I leave you gold ;
 But what is richer still,
 I leave you — mark me, mark me, now —
 The sword of Bunker Hill.

"'Twas on that dread, immortal day,
 I dared the Briton's band ;
 A captain raised this blade on me :
 I tore it from his hand.
 And while the glorious battle raged,
 It lightened freedom's will ;
 For, boy, the God of freedom blessed
 The sword of Bunker Hill.

"O, keep this sword," his accents broke, —
 A smile, and he was dead.
 But his wrinkled hand still grasped the blade
 Upon that dying bed.
 The son remains ; the sword remains,
 Its glory growing still ;
 And twenty millions bless the sire,
 And sword of Bunker Hill.

The Old Granite State.

A FAMILY SONG OF THE HUTCHINSONS.

Ho! we've come from the mountains,
 Come again from the mountains,
 We've come down from the mountains,
 Of the old Granite State.
 We're a band of brothers,
 We're a band of brothers,
 We're a band of brothers,
 And we live among the hills;
 With a band of music,
 With a band of music,
 With a band of music,
 We are passing round the world.

Our dear father's gone before us,
 And hath joined the heavenly chorus,
 Yet his spirit hovers o'er us,
 As we sing the family song.
 Oft he comes to hear us,
 And his love doth cheer us,
 Yes, 'tis ever near us,
 When we battle against the wrong.

We have four other brothers,
 And two sisters, and aged mother;
 Some at home near each other,
 Some are wandering far away,
 With our present number.
 There are thirteen in the tribe;
 'Tis the tribe of Jesse,
 And our several names we sing.

David, Noah, Andrew, Zepha,
 Caleb, Joshua, and Jesse,
 Judson, Rhoda, John and Asa,
 And Abby are our names.
 We're the sons of Mary,
 Of the tribe of Jesse,
 And we now address ye,
 With our native mountain song.

Liberty is our motto,
 And we'll sing as freemen ought to,
 Till it rings o'er glen and grotto,
 From the old Granite State.
 "Men should love each other,
 Nor let hatred smother,
 EVERY MAN'S A BROTHER,
 AND OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD!"

And we love the cause of Temperance
 As we did in days of yore;
 We are all Tee-totlers,
 And determined to keep the pledge.
 Let us then be up and doing,
 And our duties brave pursuing,
 Ever friendship kind renewing
 As we travel on our way.
 Truth is plain before us,
 Then let's sing in chorus,
 While the heavens o'er us
 Rebound the loud huzza.
 Huzza! huzza! huzza!

Carry me Home to Die.

O, carry me back to my childhood's home,
Where the ocean's surges roar,
Where the billows dash on a rock-bound coast,
And moan forevermore.
I'm pining away in a stranger's land,
Beneath a stranger's eye.
O, carry me home,
O, carry me home,
O, carry me home to die!

I sigh in vain for my native hills;
Their sweet and balmy air
Would waft away from my youthful brow
Each trace of gloomy care.
I sigh to breathe the air of home,
To gaze on its starry sky.
O, carry me home,
O, carry me home,
O, carry me home to die!

I long to see my mother again,
And hear her sweetly say,
"Come, weary dove, here is thy home;
Then fold thy wings and stay."
'Twould ease my pain to hear her voice
When death had darkened my eye.
O, carry me home,
O, carry me home,
O, carry me home to die!

Then let me rest in a peaceful grave
Beside the loved and dead;
For the quiet earth is the only place
To rest my weary head.
I would calmly sleep, if you'd bury me there,
Beneath New England sky.
O, carry me home,
O, carry me home,
O, carry me home to die!

The Cot Where We Were Born.

(Set to music and published by Firth, Hall & Pond, No. 1 Franklin Square, New York.)

We stood upon the mountain height,
And viewed the valleys o'er ;
The sun's last ray, with mellow light,
Illum'd the distant shore ;
We gazed with rapture on the scene
Where first in youth's bright morn,
We play'd where near us stood serene
The cot where we were born.

'Twas there that first a mother's smile
Lit up our hearts with joy ;
That smile can yet our cares beguile,
As when a prattling boy ;
Though changes many we have seen,
Since childhood's sunny morn,
Yet deep in memory still has been
The cot where we were born.

O never till the stream of life
Shall cease to ebb and flow,
And earthly sorrow with its strife
These hearts shall cease to know :
Can we forget the spot so dear,
As that we sometimes mourn,
Beside the brook which runs so clear,
The cot where we were born.

Calomel.

(Set to music and published by Firth, Hall & Pond, No. 1 Franklin Square, New York.)

Physicians of the highest rank,
To pay their fees we need a bank,
Combine all wisdom, art and skill,
Science and sence in Calomel.

When Mr. A. or B. is sick,
Go call the doctor, and be quick ;
The doctor comes with much good will,
But ne'er forge's his Calomel.

He takes the patient by the hand,
And compliments him as his friend ;
He sits awhile his pulse to feel,
And then takes out his Calomel.

Then turning to the patient's wife,
Have you clean paper, spoon and knife ?
I think your husband would do well,
To take a dose of Calomel.
He then deals out the precious grain—
This, ma'am, I'm sure will ease his pain ;
Once in three hours at toll of bell,
Give him a dose of Calomel.

The man grows worse quite fast indeed,
Go call the doctor, ride with speed :
The doctor comes like post with mail
Doubling his dose of Calomel.

The man in death begins to groan,
The fatal job for him is done ;
He dies, alas ! but sure to tell,
A sacrifice to Calomel.

And when I must resign my breath,
Pray let me die a natural death,
And bid the world a long farewell,
Without one dose of Calomel.

Crows in a Cornfield.

See yonder cornfield where waves the ripening grain,
The feathered race alluring, who flock the prize to gain,
Now careless hopping, flying, a young crow light and gay,
So careless, light and gay he hops, so careless, light and gay
Now cautious, peeping, prying, two old crows sage and gray,
A man and gun espying, with timely warning say,
Don't go there ! don't go there ! why not ! why not ! why not !
You'll be shot ! you'll be shot ! you'll be shot ! you'll be shot, oh.
We told you so ! we told you so ! we told you so !
Caw ! caw ! caw ! says the scout, look out ! look out !
See he's loading his gun again, we smell powder, my lads,
We're not to be had, 'tis all but labor in vain,
All, all in vain, you try old birds to catch with chaff,
We're out of yo'r shot, you stupid old sot, and at you and yours
We laugh, caw ! caw ! caw !

Excelsior.

BY CONSENT OF THE AUTHOR, H. W. LONGFELLOW.

This poem represents the continued aspirations of Genius. Its motto, "Excelsior," (still higher!) to the multitude is a word in an unknown tongue. Disregarding the every day comforts of life, the allurements of love, and the warnings of experience, it presses forward on its solitary path. Even in death it holds fast its device, and a voice from the air proclaims the progress of the soul in a higher sphere.

(Set to music and published by Firth, Hall & Pond, N. Y.)

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with this strange device—EXCELSIOR !

His brow was sad, his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath ;
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue—EXCELSIOR !

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright ;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan—EXCELSIOR !

"Try not the pass!" the old man said,
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied—EXCELSIOR !

"O, stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh—EXCELSIOR !

"Beware the pine tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night ;
A voice replied far up the height—EXCELSIOR !

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air—EXCELSIOR

A traveller by the faithful hound
 Half buried in the snow was found,
 Still grasping in his hand of ice
 That banner with the strange device—EXCELSIOR !

There, in the twilight cold and gray,
 Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay ;
 And from the sky, serene and far,
 A voice fell like a falling star—EXCELSIOR !

Westward Ho !

BY CONSENT OF THE AUTHOR, G. F. MORRIS, ESQ.

*Descriptive of the Journey of a Band of Emigrants across the
 Alleghanies.*

Droop not, brothers, as we go
 O'er the mountains westward ho !
 Under boughs of mistletoe,
 Log huts we'll rear,
 While herds of deer and buffalo
 Furnish the cheer.
 File o'er the mountain,
 Steady, boys ;
 For game afar
 We have our rifles ready, boys,
 Aha ! aha !
 Throw care to the winds,
 Like chaff, boys, ah !
 And join in the laugh, boys,
 Ha ! ha ! ha !

Cheer up, brothers, as we go
 O'er the mountains westward ho !
 When we've wood and prairie land.
 Won by our toil,
 We'll reign like kings in fairy land,
 Lords of the soil.
 Then westward, ho ! in legions, boys,
 Fair freedom's star
 Points to our sunset regions, boys,
 Aha ! ha ! ha !
 Throw care, &c.

A Brother is Dead.

HARK ! what is that note,
 So mournful and slow,
 It sends on the winds
 The tidings of wo !
 It sounds like the knell
 Of a spirit that's fled ;
 It tells us, alas !
A Brother is dead !

Yes, gone to the grave
 Is he whom we loved ;
 And lifeless that form,
 That so manfully moved ;
 The clods of the valley
 Encompass his head,
 The marble reminds us
A Brother is dead !

But marble and urns,
 They never can tell
 The spot where the soul
 Is destined to dwell.

Ye spirits of air
 That surrounded his bed,
 O speak ye and tell
 Where *the spirit has fled*.

O, say, have ye heard
 In the heavenly throng,
 That voice once with ours
 Commingled in song !
 O, say, to the courts
 Of our God, have ye led
 The soul that from Earth
For ever has fled.

No voice from the grave,
 No voice from the sky,
 Discloses the deeds
 That are doing on high.
 It need not ; Jehovah
 Hath said in His word,
 That " blessed are they
 Who die in the Lord."

The Old Farm House.

After many, many, many years,
 How pleasant 'tis to come
 To the old farm-house where we were born,
 Our first, our childhood's home.
 To turn away our weary eyes
 From proud, ambitious towers,
 And wander forth upon the hills,
 Among the hills and flowers.
 Oh ! after many, many years,
 How pleasant 'tis to come
 To the old farm-house where we were born,
 Our first, our childhood's home.

It scarce has changed since last I gazed
 On yonder tranquil scene,
 And sat beneath the old wick elm
 That shades the village-green,

And watched my boat upon the brook
 As 'twere a regal galley,
 And sighed not for a joy on earth
 Beyond the happy valley.

Oh, &c.

Those days I do recall again,
 That bright and blameless joy,
 I summon to my weary heart
 The feelings of a boy ;
 And look on scenes of past delight
 With all my wonted pleasure ;
 And feel as though I'd found at last
 My only earthly treasure.

Oh, &c.

The Spider and the Fly.

WORDS IN PART ORIGINAL.

"Will you walk into my parlor?" said the spider to the fly,
 "'Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy ;
 My floors are carpeted so nice, with velvet soft and clean,
 So just walk in, my little fly, and I'll treat you like a queen
 Will you walk in, Mr. Fly ?

"Why stand you in the cold without exposed to every storm,
 When in my palace you will find a shelter snug and warm ?
 Full many a fly *I've taken* in from out the chilly rain,
 And such attachments do they form, they ne'er go out again.
 Will you walk in, Mr. Fly !

"I love to gaze upon you now, you charming little fly,
 Your golden wings and modest brow, your bright and *flashing* eye
 And then you sing your dulcet songs so merrily and so free,
 I only wish you'd just hop in, and sing your songs to me.
 Will you walk in, Mr. Fly ?"

The silly fly with vaunting pride flew near the palace door,
 So charmed was he with flattering words he ne'er had heard before
 The spider bade him welcome in with wide extended arms,
 And patting gently on his back he lavished him with charms.
 "Will you walk in, Mr. Fly ?"

And then the little silken cords were gently wove around,
 Until within the spider's grasp the little fly was bound;
Too late he sought to fly away, but the spider held him fast,
 And then he laughed "Ha! ha! my boy, I've caught you, sir, at last.
 Will you walk out, Mr. Fly!"

The moral here is very clear, and warns us to beware,
 The lying and the flatt'ring tongue, which charms but to ensnare;
 And when the tempter falsely says, "Thou shalt not surely die,"
 Just call to mind the little song of the spider and the fly.
 "Will you *keep out*, Mr. Fly!"

The Seasons.

ORIGINAL.

Oh sweet the spring, with its merry ring,
 When the robins chirp and the blue birds sing;
 Their voices clear, make glad the ear,
 In their welcome songs to the opening year.

Then ho! farmers, ho!

To the fields now with beauty adorning;
 With hearts all right, and with spirits bright,
 We'll sing with the birds in the morning.

Heigh, O! the farmers go,
 Over the fields to plough and sow.

Oh, where's the mind so unrefined,
 But in the spring glows warm and kind:
 As every morn is fresh new-born,
 And the hills resound with the mellow horn.

Then ho! farmers, ho!

To the fields now with beauty adorning, &c.

Now full of joy without alloy,
 How merrily sings the farmer's boy;
 His voice he trills like the whip-poor-will's,
 While the sound comes echoing o'er the hills.

Then ho! farmers, ho, &c.

And Summer too, in its varied hue,
 With flow'rets sweet our pathway strew;
 All nature's gay at the break of day,
 While the dew perfumes out the new mown hay.

Then, ho! farmers, ho!

To your care and labor bestowing,
 With sickle and scythe, does the farmer thrive,
 Then hie, to your reaping and mowing.

Heigh, O! the farmers go,
 Over the fields to reap and mow,

Oh, blithe the hours 'mid fields of flowers,
 When the earth's embalmed with summer showers:
 'Tis then the rain o'er the waving grain,
 Makes nature sing and smile again.
 Then, ho! farmers, ho! &c.

The sad heart grieves as nature weaves
 Her winding sheet in the autumn leaves,
 Yet most sublime in the tempest chime,
 Which reminds us all of the harvest time.
 Then, ho! farmers, ho!
 Gather the fruits of your sowing;
 For the waving corn your fields adorn,
 In token of labor bestowing,
 Heigh, O! the farmers go,
 Gathering the fruits they chose to sow

When winter drear comes gathering near,
 The songster birds no more we hear,
 Yet dear those spells when music swells,
 O'er the wintry storm in the merry bells.
 Then ho! farmers ho
 To the wild woods let's be going,
 O'er ice and snow we'll onward go,
 In despite of hurricanes blowing.
 Heigh, O, the woodmen go,
 Breaking the roads through drifted snow.

Spring, Summer, Fall, and Winter's thrall,
 Bear many a lesson to us all;
 But like the dove, in the land of love,
 They sing of purer springs above.
 Then ho! mortals ho! and hasten to your duty.
 For though we die, like the butterfly,
 We shall rise ere long in new beauty.
 Heigh, O, mortals go,—
 Up to the world were joys o'erflow.

Oh, happy he the farmer free,
 In his mountain home of liberty;
 For Heaven gave to the true and brave
 The hills where ne'er could breathe the slave.
 Then ho! farmers ho! for your's the best vocation,
 God's first command was to till the land,
 In the morning of creation.
 Heigh, O, then farmers go,
 Chanting the songs of freedom O.

Little Topsy's Song.

WORDS BY ELIZA COOK—MUSIC BY HUTCHINSON

Published by Oliver Ditson, Boston.)

"Topsy neber *was* born,
 Neber had a moder ;
 'Spects I growed a nigger brat,
 Just like any oder.
 Whip me till the blood pours down,
 Ole Misses use to do it ;
 She said she'd cut my heart right out,
 But neber could get to it :
 Got no heart, I don't belieh,
 Niggers do without 'em ;
 Never heard of God or Love,
 So can't tell much about 'em."

This is Topsy's savage song,
 Topsy 'cute and clever ;
 Hurrah ! then, for the white man's right !
Slavery forever !

" I 'spects I'se very wicked,
 That's just what I am ;
 On'y you just give me a chance,
 Won't I raise Ole Sam !
 'Taint no use in being good,
 Cos' I'se black, you see ;
 I neber cared for nothin' yet,
 And nothin' cares for me.
 " Ha ! ha ! ha ! Miss Feely's hand
 Dun know how to grip me ;
 Neber likes to do no work,
 And won't, widout they whip me."

This is Topsy's savage song,
 Topsy 'cute and clever ;
 Hurrah ! then, for the white man's right !
Slavery forever !

"Don't you die, Miss Evy,
 Else I go deat too ;
 I knows I'se wicked, but I'll try,
 And be all good to *you*.
 You have taught me better things,
 Though I'se nigger skin ;
 You have found poor Topsy's heart,
 Spite of all its sin.
 Don't you die, Miss Evy, dear,
 Else I go deat too ;
 Though I'se black, I'se sure that God
 Will let me go with you."

This is Topsy's *human* song,
 Under love's endeavor ;
 Hurrah ! then, for the white child's work !
Humanity forever !

The Lake of the Dismal Swamp.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

They made her a grave too cold and damp
 For a heart so warm and true ;
 And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,
 Where all night long, by the fire-fly lamp,
 She paddles her light canoe.
 And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see ;
 Her paddle I soon shall hear !
 Long and loving our life shall be ;
 And I'll hide the maid in the cypress tree,
 When the footsteps of death draw near.

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds,
 His path was rugged and sore,
 Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
 Through many a fen where the serpent feeds,
 And man never trod before ;
 Near him the she-wolf stirs the brake,
 The copper-snake breathes in his ear,
 Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,
 Oh ! when shall I see the dusky lake,
 And the light canoe of my dear ?

He reached the lake, and a meteor spark
 Quick o'er its surface played ;
 Welcome, he cried, my dear one's light !
 And the dim shore echoed for many a night
 To the name of that death-cold maid ;
 Till he made him a boat of birchen bark,
 Which carried him off from the shore.
 Long, long, he followed that meteor spark ;
 The wind was high, and the night was dark,
 And the boat returned no more.

And oft from the Indian hunter's camp,
 That lover and maid so true
 Are seen at the hour of midnight damp,
 To cross the lake by their fire-fly lamp,
 And to paddle their light canoe.

Kind Words can never Die.

MUSIC BY ABBY.

Bright things can never die,
 E'en though they fade ;
 Beauty and minstrelsy
 Deathless were made.
 What though the summer day
 Passes at eve away ? —
 Doth not the moon's soft ray
 Silver the night ?

Kind words can never die ;
 Cherished and blessed,
 God knows how deep they lie
 Stored in the breast,
 Like childhood's simple rhymes
 Said o'er a thousand times ;
 Ay, in all years and climes,
 Distant and near.

Childhood can never die ;
 Wrecks of the past
 Float o'er the memory,
 Bright to the last.

Many a happy thing,
 Many a daisied spring,
 Floats o'er time's ceaseless spring
 Far, far away.

True Freedom: How to Gain it.

MUSIC BY HUTCHINSONS—WORDS BY CHARLES MACKAY.

We want no flag, no flaunting rag,
 For Liberty to fight;
 We want no blaze of murderous guns,
 To struggle for the right.
 Our spears and swords are printed words!
 The mind our battle plain;
 We've won such victories before,
 And so we shall again.

We love no triumphs sprung of force—
 They stain her brightest cause—
 'Tis not in blood that Liberty
 Inscribes her Civil Laws.
 She writes them on the People's heart
 In language clear and plain;
 True thoughts have moved the world before,
 And so they shall again.

We yield to none in earnest love
 Of Freedom's cause sublime;
 We join the cry, "Fraternity!"
 We keep the march of time.
 And yet we grasp no pike nor spear,
 Our victories to obtain;
 We've won without their aid before
 And so we shall again.

We want no aid of barricade,
 To show a front of wrong;
 We have a citadel in Truth,
 More durable and strong.
 Calm words, great thoughts, unflinching faith,
 Have never striven in vain;
 They've won our battles many a time,
 And so they shall again.

Peace, Progress, Knowledge, Brotherhood !
 The ignorant may sneer—
 The bad deny ; but we rely
 To see their triumphs near.
 No widow's groans shall lead our cause,
 No blood of brethren slain ;
 We've won without such aid before,
 And so we shall again.

The Modern Belle.

BY GENERAL STARKE.

The daughter sits in the parlor,
 And rocks in the easy chair—
 She is dressed in her silks and satins,
 And jewels are in her hair.
 She smiles and she sniggles and simpers,
 And simpers and sniggles and winks ;
 And although she talks but a little,
 'Tis vastly more than she thinks.

Her father goes clad in his russets,
 And ragged and seedy at that ;
 His coat is out at the elbows,
 And he wears a most shocking bad hat.
 He is hoarding and saving his shillings,
 So carefully day by day,
 While she with her beaus and poodles,
 Is throwing them all away.

She lies abed in the morning
 Till almost the hour of noon,
 And comes down snapping and snarling
 Because they have called her so soon.
 Her hair is still in the papers,
 Her cheeks still daubed with paint—
 Remains of her last night's blushes,
 Before she intended to faint.

Her feet are so very little,
 Her hands are so very white !
 Her jewels are so very heavy,
 And her head so very light !

Her color is made of cosmetics,
 But this she will never own ;
 Her body's made mostly of cotton,
 Her heart is made wholly of stone.

She falls in love with a fellow
 Who swells with a foreign air ;
 He marries her for her money,
 She marries him for his hair.
 One of the very best matches !
 Both are well mated in life ;
 She's got a fool for a husband,
 And he's got a fool for a wife.

I'm Going Home.

MUSIC BY T. WOOD.

(Published by Firth, Pond & Co., New York.)

Oh ! I'm going home, to the old hearthstone,
 Where warm hearts will greet me as homeward I come.
 The fetters are strong round the household throng,
 And I've wandered long, so I'm going, going—
 I'm going home.

'Neath the evergreen hill,
 By the gentlest rill
 That ever kissed pebbles, the old cot still
 Goes on to decay,
 As it did that day
 When I wandered away ;
 But I'm going, going—I'm going home !

Soon, soon shall I press
 To my throbbing breast,
 The friends I in childhood so fondly caressed.
 My heart-strings thrill,
 My eye-lids fill,
 For I love them still.

Oh ! I'm going, going—I'm going home !

Oh ! would that my joy
 Were free from alloy !
 Oh ! would that my bodings, my hopes could destroy !
 But I shall soon know
 Whether weal or woe,
 Betide where I go ;
 For I'm going, going—I'm going home !

Kind strangers, adieu !
 With heart ever true,
 As onward I go, I'll still think of you ;
 And when loved ones I meet
 Round the family seat,
 Your praise I'll repeat ;
 For I'm going, going—I'm going home !
 Home—sweet, sweet home !
 There is no place like home !
 There is no place like home !

And thus, when on earth our journeyings are o'er,
 And our voices are hushed and heard here no more,
 Faith whispers to me: In joy we shall be,
 As our kindred we see, in our heavenly home !—
Yes! we're going, going, to that Eternal Home!

Riding in a Stage.

Creeping through the valley, crawling o'er the hill,
 Splashing through the branches, rumbling by the mill ;
 Putting nervous gemmen in a towering rage:
 What is so provoking as riding in a stage ?

Feet are interlacing, heads severely bumped ;
 Friend and foe together, get their noses thumped:
 Dresses act as carpets ; listen to the sage:
 Life is but a journey, taken in a stage.

Spinsters fair and forty, maids in youthful charms,
 Suddenly are cast into their neighbors' arms ;
 Children shoot, like squirrels darting through a cage ;
 Is'nt it delightful, riding in a stage ?

Bonnets crushed around us, hats look worse for wear ;
 Teeth at each concussion fly to take the air ;
 Shriveled maiden ladies, past a certain age,
 Groan forlornly, " Dreadful riding in a stage !"

We've left again our Mountain Home ;

WORDS AND MUSIC BY HENRY W. DUNBAR.

(Published by Oliver Ditson.)

The good old State, the brave old State,
 Where granite rocks abound,
 Where rushing streams and mountains great
 Throw sweetest murmurs round !
 In thee we leave our mountain home,
 While kind remembrance thrills
 Each heart and mind for kindred kind,
 Among the Granite Hills.

By stream and lake, by stream and lake,
 Beside the wild cascade,
 Where cataracts their echos wake,
 Or 'neath some forest shade,
 We've left again our mountain home—
 Where kind remembrance thrills
 Each heart and mind, for kindred kind
 Among the Granite Hills.

Through milder climes, through milder climes,
 And richer lands, we roam,
 Where merry music sweetly chimes
 From many a happy home.
 Then think of those we've left behind,
 Where kind remembrance thrills
 Each heart and mind, for kindred kind,
 Among the Granite Hills!

Do a good Turn when you can.

WORDS BY CHARLES MACKAY, ESQ.—MUSIC BY HUTCHINSON.

(Published by Oliver Ditson, Boston.)

It needs not great wealth a kind heart to display ;
 If the hand be but willing, it soon finds a way ;
 And the poorest one yet, in the humblest abode,
 May help a poor brother a step on the road.

Oh! whatever of fortune a man may have won,
 A kindness depends on the way it is done;
 And, though poor be our purse, and though narrow our span,
 Let us all try to do a good turn when we can!

The fair bloom of pleasure may charm for a while;
 But its beauty is pale, and inconstant its smile;
 While the beauty of kindness, immortal in bloom,
 Sheds a sweetness o'er life and a grace o'er the tomb.
 Then, if we enjoy life, why, the next thing to do,
 Is to see that another enjoys his life, too;
 And, though poor be our purse, and though narrow our span,
 Let us all try to do a good turn when we can!

Oh, Had I the Wings of a Dove.

Oh! had I wings like a dove, I would fly
 Away from this world of care;
 My soul would mount to realms on high,
 And seek for a refuge there!
 But is there no heaven here on earth,
 No home for the wounded breast?
 No favored spot, where content has birth,
 In which I may find a rest?

Oh! is it not written, "Believe and live"?
 The heart by bright hope allured,
 Shall find the comfort these words can give,
 And be by its faith assured.
 Then why should we fear the cold world's frown,
 When Faith to the heart has given
 The light of religion, to guide us on
 In joy to the paths of Heaven?

There is . there is! in Thy Holy Word—
 Thy Word which can ne'er depart—
 There is a promise of mercy stored,
 For the lowly and meek of heart:
 "My yoke is easy, my burden light;
 Then come unto me for rest."
 These, these are the words of promise stored
 For the wounded and wearied breast.

'Tis Sweet to be Remembered.

'Tis sweet to be remembered in the turmoils of this life,
While struggling up its pathway, while mingling in its strife;
While wandering o'er earth's borders, or sailing on the sea,
'Tis sweet to be remembered, wherever we may be.

'Tis sweet, &c.

When those we love are absent from our hearthstone and our side,
'Tis joy to learn that pleasure, that peace with them abide,
And that although we're absent, we're thought of day by day;
'Tis sweet to be remembered by those who are far away.

'Tis sweet, &c.

What though our path be rugged, though clouded be our sky,
And none we love or cherish, no friendly one is nigh,
To cheer us in our sorrows, or share with us our lot,
'Tis sweet to be remembered, and know we're not forgot.

'Tis sweet, &c.

When all our toils are ended, the conflict all is done,
And peace and sweetest accents proclaim the victory won,
When hushed is all the tumult, and calm is all the strife,
'Tis sweet to be remembered in the closing hour of life.

'Tis sweet, &c.

There's room enough for all.

BY L. F. BLANCHARD.

What need of all this fuss and strife
Each warring with his brother;
Why need we, in the crowd of life,
Keep trampling down each other?
Is there no goal that can be won
Without a squeeze to gain it;
No other way of getting on
But scrambling to obtain it?

Oh, fellow men! remember then,
Whatever chance befall,
The world is wide in lands beside,
There's room enough for all.

What if the swarthy peasant find
No field for honest labor,
He need not idly stop behind
To thrust aside his neighbor.
There is a land with sunny skies,
Which gold for toil is giving,
Where every brawny hand that tries
Its strength can grasp a living.

Oh, fellow men ! &c.

From poisoned air ye breathe in courts,
And typhus-tainted alleys,
Go forth and dwell where health resorts,
In rural hills and valleys ;
Where every hand that clears a bough
Finds plenty in attendance,
And every furrow of the plow
A step to independence.

Oh, hasten, then, from fevered den,
And lodging cramped and small !
The world is wide in lands beside,
There's room enough for all.

In this fair region, far away,
Will labor find employment,
A fair day's work, a fair day's pay,
And toil will bring enjoyment.
What need, then, of this daily strife,
Each warring with his brother ;
Why need we, in the crowd of life,
Keep trampling down each other ?

Oh, fellow men ! remember, then,
Whatever chance befall,
The world is wide where those abide,
There's room enough for all.

Ridden by the Slave Power.

WRITTEN BY GEORGE W. PUTNAM.

Ridden by the slave power,
Crushed beneath the chain,
Now is come our rising hour,
Lo! we're up again.
And voices from the mountain height,
Voices from the vale,
Say to freedom's fearless host,
There's no such word as fail.

Ay! we're up to hurl the fiend
From off the tyrant throne;
To strike for man a mightier blow
Than earth hath ever known;
To drag your code of whips and gyves
Up to the light of day,
And wash from our escutcheon's front
The bloody stain away.

Free to speak the burning truth,
All fetterless the hand,
Never shall the Yankee's brow
Bear the cursed brand.
Send the gathering freemen's shout
Booming on the gale;
Omnipotence is for us, —
There's no such word as fail.

They're gathering on the mountain,
They're gathering on the plain,
And 'neath the tramp of freedom's host
The broad earth shakes again.
And this their glorious rallying cry,
Whose firm hearts never quail :
God and the people! on for right, —
There's no such word as fail.

Jordan.

WORDS BY JUDSON.

I look'd to the south, and I looked to the west,
 And I saw old Slavery a comin',
 With four northern doughfaces hitched up in front,
 Driving Freedom to the other side of Jordan.
 Then take off coats, boys, roll up sleeves,
 Slavery is a hard foe to battle, I believe.

Slavery and Freedom they both had a fight,
 And the whole north came up behind 'em,
 Hit Slavery a few knocks, with a free ballot box,
 Sent it staggering to the other side of Jordan.
 Take off, &c.

If I was the legislature of these United States,
 I'd settle this great question accordin';
 I'd let every slave go free, over land and on the sea,
 Let em' have a little hope this side of Jordan.
 Then rouse up, ye freemen, the sword unsheathe;
 Freedom is the best road to travel, I believe.

The south have their school, where the masters learn to rule,
 And they lord it o'er the free states accordin';
 But sure they'd better quit, ere they rouse the Yankee grit,
 And we tumble 'em over t'other side of Jordan.
 Take off, &c.

New Hampshire and Vermont have surely come to want,
 To raise such scamps as Frank and Stephen,
 And they'd better hire John Mitchel, with shillalah, club and switchel,
 Drive 'em down to Alabama and leave 'em.
 Then take off coats, boys, roll up sleeves;
 Popery is a hard foe to battle.

Edward Everett oped his mouth for the votes of the south,
 But his wishy-washy speech was so rotten,
 That it stuck to his spine, and he took a bee line,
 Lodged in State Street behind a bag of cotton.
 Then take off coats, boys, roll up sleeves,
 Cotton bags are hard things to battle, I believe.

But the day is drawing nigh that Slavery must die,
 And every one must do his part accordin';
 Then let us all unite to give every man his right, (*and every woman*)
 And we'll get our pay the other side of Jordan.
 Then rouse up, ye freemen, the sword unsheathe;
 Freedom is the best road to travel, I believe.

Call to Kansas.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Yeomen strong, hither throng,
 Nature's honest men;
 We will make the wilderness
 Bud and bloom again.
 Bring the sickle, speed the plough,
 Turn the ready soil;
 Freedom is the noblest pay
 For the true man's toil.
 Ho, brothers! come, brothers!
 Hasten all with me;
 We'll sing upon the Kansas plains
 A song of liberty!

Father, haste! o'er the waste
 Lies a pleasant land;
 There your firesides, altar stones,
 Fixed in truth shall stand;
 There your sons, brave and good,
 Shall to freemen grow,
 Clad in triple mail of right,
 Wrong to overthrow.
 Ho, brothers! come, brothers!
 Hasten all with me;
 We'll sing upon the Kansas plains
 A song of liberty!

Mother, come ! here's a home
In the waiting west ;
Bring the seeds of love and peace,
You who sow them best.
Faithful hearts, holy prayers,
Keep from taint the air ;
Soil a mother's tears have wet
Golden crops shall bear.
Come, mother, fond mother,
List ! we call to thee !
We'll sing, &c.

Brother brave, stem the wave !
Firm the prairies tread !
Up the dark Missouri flood
Be your canvas spread.
Sister true, join us too,
Where the Kansas flows ;
Let the northern lily bloom
With the southern rose.
Brave brother ! true sister !
List ! we call to thee !
We'll sing, &c.

One and all, hear our call
Echo through the land !
Aid us with a willing heart,
And the strong right hand !
Feed the spark the Pilgrims struck
On old Plymouth Rock !
To the watch fires of the free
Millions glad shall flock.
Ho, brothers ! come, brothers !
Hasten all with me ;
We'll sing, &c.

The Merry Yankee Boy.

MUSIC BY J. W. HUTCHINSON.

When I was young, about sixteen,
None was more bright and gay ;
I gamboled nimbly on the green,
Or sported in the hay.
The bloom of youth was on my cheek,
My heart was full of joy ;
How happy were those days to me,
The merry farmer's boy !
For I was a Yankee boy, &c.

I loved to use the pocket knife
Before I went to school ;
And fast I learned the mystery of
That wistful, magic tool.
My hoarded cents I prized so high,
I gladly gave to get it ;
And then no stone I left unturned,
Until I learned to whet it.
For I was a Yankee boy, &c.

But now I'm old, my heart is sad,
My locks have all turned gray ;
And every scene that made me glad
Has passed, has passed away !
Before I'm called to leave this world
My mind I will employ ;
And think that I was once in life
The merry farmer's boy.
For I was a Yankee boy, &c.

Forty Years ago.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

I've wandered to the village, Tom,
I've sat beneath the tree
Upon the schoolhouse play ground,
That sheltered you and me.
But none were left to greet me, Tom,
And few were left to know
Who played with us upon the green
Just forty years ago.

The grass was just as green, Tom,
Barefooted boys at play
Were sporting, just as we had been,
With spirits just as gay.
But the master sleeps upon the hill,
Which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding place
Some forty years ago.

The old schoolhouse is altered some ;
The benches are replaced
By new ones very like the same
Our jackknives had defaced.
But the same old brick are in the wall,
The bell swings to and fro,
Its music's just the same, dear Tom,
'Twas forty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill
Close by the spreading beach,
Is very low ; 'twas once so high
That we could scarcely reach ;
And kneeling down to get a drink,
Dear Tom, I started so,
To think how much I've changed
Since forty years ago.

Near by that spring upon an elm,
You know, I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom,
And you did mine the same.
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark ;
'Twas dying, sure, but slow,
Just as that one whose name you cut
Some forty years ago.

My lids had long been dry, Tom,
 But tears came in my eyes ;
 I thought of her I loved so well,
 Those early-broken ties.
 I visited the old church yard,
 And took some flowers to strew
 Upon the graves of those we loved
 Just forty years ago.

Some are in the church yard laid,
 Some sleep beneath the sea,
 But none are left of our old class,
 Excepting you and me.
 And when our time shall come, Tom,
 And we are called to go,
 I hope we'll meet with those we loved
 Some forty years ago.

Mrs. Lofty and I.

MELODY BY JUDSON.

Mrs. Lofty keeps her carriage,
 So do I ;
 She has dapple grays to draw it,
 None have I.
 She's no prouder of her coachman,
 Than am I,
 With my blue-eyed, laughing baby,
 Trundling by.
 I hide his face, lest she should see
 The cherub boy, and envy me.

Her fine husband has white fingers,
 Mine has not ;
 He could give his bride a palace,
 Mine, a cot ;
 Hers comes home beneath the starlight,
 Ne'er cares she ;
 Mine comes in the purple twilight—
 Kisses me,
 And prays that He who turn's life's sands,
 Will hold his loved one in his hands.

Mrs. Lofty has her jewels,
 So have I;
 She wears hers upon her bosom,
 Inside, I;
 She 'll leave hers at death's portals,
 By and by;
 I shall bear the treasure with me,
 When I die,—
 For I have love, and she has gold,
 She counts her wealth—mine can't be told.

She has those who love her station,
 None have I;
 But I've one true heart beside me,
 Glad am I;
 I'd not change it for a kingdom,
 No, not I.
 God will weigh it in the balance,
 By and by—
 And then the difference he 'll define,
 'Twixt Mrs. Lofty's wealth and mine.

“What are the wild Waves Saying.”

MUSIC BY GLOVER.

PAUL.

What are the wild waves saying,
 Sister, the whole day long,
 That ever amid our playing,
 I hear but their low, lone song
 Not by the sea-side only,
 There it sounds wild and free;
 But at night, when 't is dark and lonely,
 In dreams, it is still with me.

FLORENCE.

Brother, I hear no singing!
 'T is but the rolling wave,
 Ever its lone course winging
 Over some ocean cave!
 'T is but the noise of water,
 Dashing against the shore,
 And the wind from some bleaker quarter,
 Mingling with its roar.

FLORENCE AND PAUL.

No, no, no ; it is something greater,
That speaks to the heart alone ;
The voice of the great Creator
Dwells in that mighty tone.

PAUL.

Yes ; but the waves seem ever
Singing the same sad thing,
And vain is my weak endeavor,
To guess what the surges sing.
What is that voice repeating,
Ever by night and day ?
Is it a friendly greeting,
Or a warning that calls away ?

FLORENCE.

Brother, the inland mountain,
Hath it not voice and sound ?
Speaks not the dripping fountain,
As it bedews the ground,
E'en by the household ingle,
Curtained, and closed, and warm ?
Do not our voices mingle
With those of the distant storm ?

FLORENCE AND PAUL.

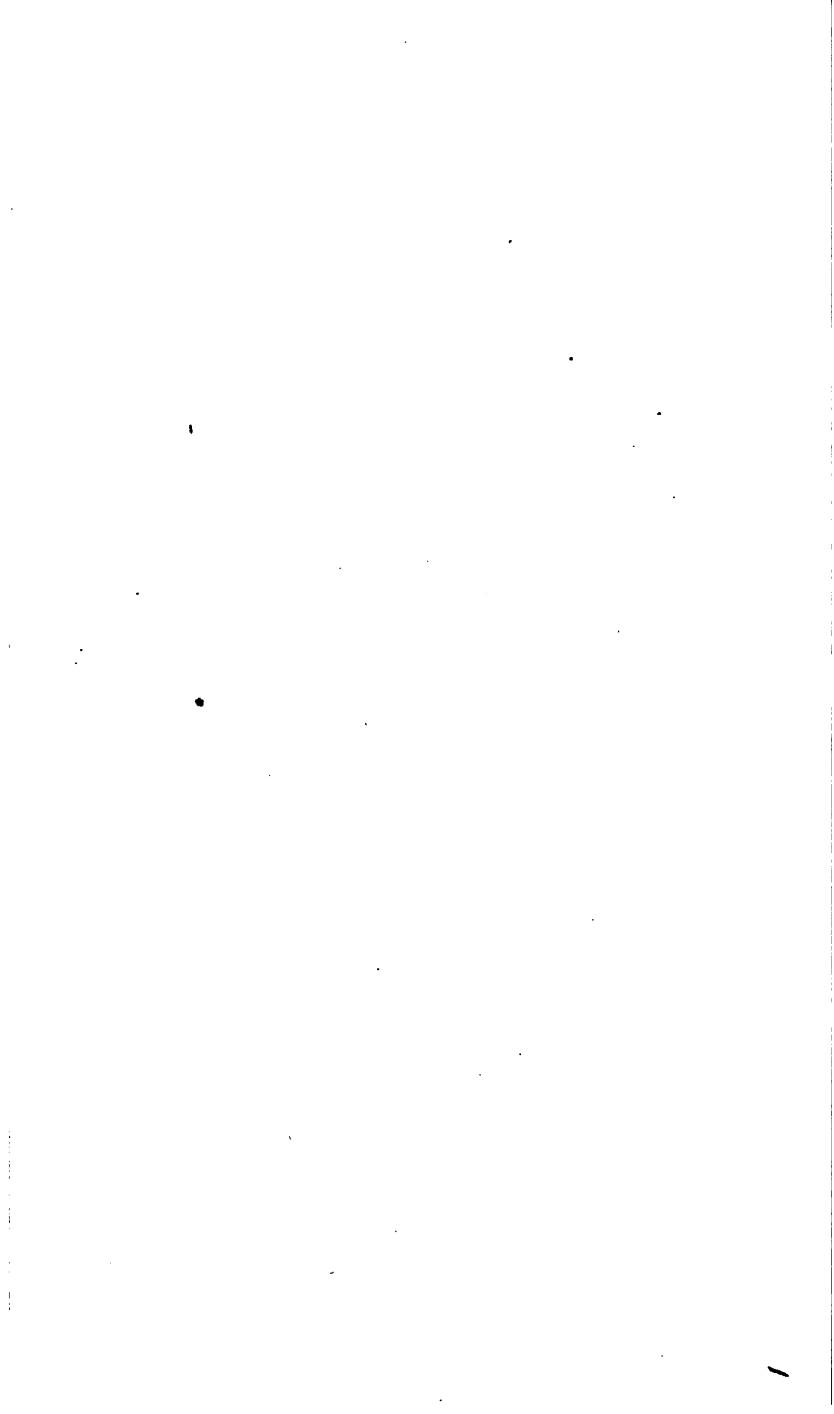
Yes, yes, yes ; but there's something greater,
That speaks to the heart alone ;
The voice of the great Creator
Dwells in that mighty tone.

" Found Dead."

Found dead, dead, and alone,
There was nobody near, nobody near,
When the outcast died on his pillow of stone,
No father, no mother, or sister near,
Nor friendly voice to soothe or cheer,
Not a watching eye, or pitying tear.
Found dead,—dead and alone,
In a roofless street, on a pillow of stone.

Many a weary day went by,
When, wretched and weary, he begged for bread ;
Tired of life, and longing to lie
Peacefully down by the silent dead ;
Hunger, and cold, and scorn, and pain,
Had wasted his frame, and seared his brain,
Till at last, on a bed of frozen ground,
Dead, and alone, was the outcast found.

Found dead ! but not alone,
There was somebody near, somebody near,
To claim the wanderer as his own,
And find a home for the homeless here ;
And who, when every human door
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor,
Who opens the heavenly portals wide,
Ah ! God was there when the outcast died.





1870

1871

1872

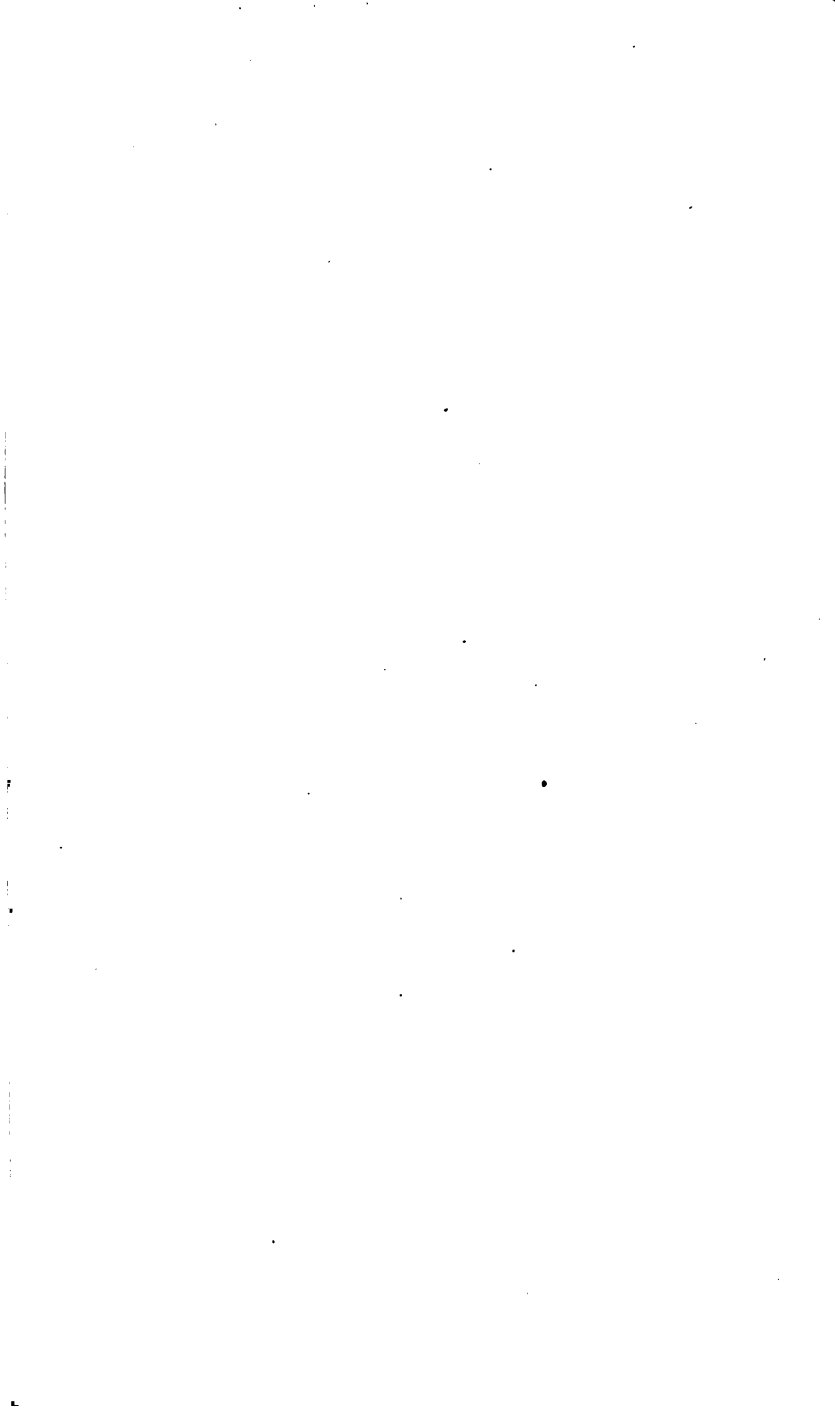
1873

1874

1875

1876

1877



A LEAF FROM THE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN PRESS.

(From the *London Times*.)

Right welcome is the HUTCHINSON FAMILY. These American Minstrels have opened a novel source of gratification to all lovers of "sweet sounds."

(From the *London News*.)

HUTCHINSON FAMILY.—These interesting young persons have had all the success which we expected when we first heard them. They have now appeared three times before the public, with increasing audiences and increasing favor.

(From the *London Patrician*.)

These American Minstrels gave their first *Vocal Entertainment* in London at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Tuesday evening, before a very full audience, among which were several eminent literary and musical professors, and met with very great success.

(From the *London Morning Chronicle*.)

The expression of this FAMILY is beyond all praise; its intensity is perfectly overwhelming!

The first concert of the HUTCHINSONS in this city, since their return from Europe, drew together the largest audiences that we ever saw within the *Musical Fund Hall*. Every foot of space was occupied, and hundreds were unable to obtain admission.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

The farewell of the HUTCHINSONS, at the Tabernacle, last evening, was attended by an audience that filled every inch of space in that immense building. The Minstrels have never given better satisfaction to their friends than on this occasion; and the enthusiasm of the vast multitude was a fitting acknowledgment of the power of their music to awaken the strongest feelings of the heart.—*New York Tribune*.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY sung in the Tabernacle, last evening, to one of the largest assemblies we have ever seen on such an occasion, that great building being completely full. The fact is, that nothing is more irresistibly popular with the unsophisticated lovers of natural, truthful song, than these Minstrels from the hills of New Hampshire. They find their way to the heart—and every one loves to listen, and goes away the better for hearing them.—*New York Observer*.

THE HUTCHINSONS.—"The heart that receives no elevating and purifying impressions from their warblings, must be a hard one indeed."—*N. Y. Evangelist*.





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